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List of Artwork

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Editors' Note

Our time working on Curry Arts Journal 2005 has been filled with interesting obstacles, exciting breakthroughs, superb events, and incredible submissions. Through it all, we have had the unique experience of serving as both editors and authors for this edition, which we hope stands as a beacon for the depth and breadth of literary and visual art produced by Curry students. Our dual roles may seem contradictory at first, but in fact they complemented each other, allowing us to draw on our strengths in each realm to put out a superior edition.

As poets, our task was to create a picture with words and show it to the reader. We used simile, metaphor, descriptive words, assonance, and alliteration to accomplish this task. Our inspiration derived from a variety of sources: life experience, music, film, and the written word. As editors, our task was to screen and select pieces and then to provide a little polish to accepted submissions to ensure that they and this edition would truly shine. We went over every aspect of the edition with care and a fine-toothed comb, grooming each selection so that it could make its full contribution to the vibrant and diverse talent showcased here.

This year's literary submissions numbered close to one-hundred, and as always, we are pleased by the vast outpouring we received. The care and hard work put into every submission is evident. Sadly, we are unable to publish everything that crosses our desks. In order to maintain a high level of quality for the Journal, we are too often forced to reject pieces that while full of heart and vision need a little extra love and attention. To those who aren't published, do not despair. We strongly encourage you, along with any new voices we haven't heard from, to submit your work for consideration in future editions. Poet Paul Acquasanta once said: "To write beautifully, is to inscribe thoughts on paper in a flowing, imaginative way. With aspirations to intrigue and inform; it's truly an art on paper, filled with emotion and thought in a smooth aesthetically brilliant way..." We kept these ideals in mind as we considered each submission and offer them now to all Curry student writers as inspiration for honing your skills and sending your best work to the Journal.

We also encourage students to consider becoming a Curry

Arts Journal staff member by enrolling in the practicum. This academic year marked the second year of the Curry Arts Journal Practicum as a two-credit course. Continuing in providing sage advice, Professor Karen D'Amato, our guiding light, served double-duty as faculty advisor and practicum instructor while we participated in the production of this year's journal. Anthony Brillante, Tricia Earnshaw, Kiernan Joyce, Magen Knell, Patty Miley, Jonathan Joseph Reinhart, and Lindsay Timko met three times a week during the fall and/or spring semesters, with Tricia's and Jonathan's work continuing well into the summer. Some of our duties included hand selecting the pieces that would be chosen by a faculty panel for publication as well as editing and formatting the pieces. We worked diligently in and out of the classroom to effectively produce the journal in a timely fashion. In addition, Patty Miley, Ana Ramirez, and Gary Vuolo worked behind the scenes, completing publicity, correspondence, and office tasks crucial to the Journal's mission of promoting the arts at Curry.

This year we ran a series of workshops during our scheduled meeting times to allow students a chance to receive free constructive criticism prior to submitting their work to the Journal. We hope to see the number of interested students grow so that more will make use of this unique opportunity to improve their potential submissions. Like the faculty and staff at Curry, the Journal staff wants students to succeed and is available to assist all aspiring student writers in reaching their artistic goals.

In addition to running workshops, visiting classrooms to promote the Journal and to entreat students to submit, and publishing the Journal, we were involved in publicity, planning, and a spring reading. We planned events and activities such as our classroom visits and our workshops during the fall semester. In the fall, we also hosted an exciting and intimate reading in Levin Library. Additionally, we set up a spring reading where some of those chosen for publication, along with students, some previously published and some just looking to share their work, had the chance to read their pieces in a coffeehouse setting at the Alumni Recreation Center. Like prior coffeehouse readings, this was a success for all involved. We look forward to seeing even more faces at future events.

This spring's student art exhibit provided us with an abun-

dance of high quality artwork from which to make our selections. Consequently, this is the first year for three-dimensional art to be published in the *Journal*. The two masks we are publishing complement the evocative paintings, graphic designs, and photographs seen in this and previous editions. At the exhibit, we were also happy to celebrate the spirit of the *Journal* with a brief reading by this year's authors.

The spring semester signals the end of the school year, but the two of us stayed on well into the summer to ensure that this year's edition was published on time, error-free, and worthy of all, faculty and students, who participated in every aspect of the *Journal*. Two of our many tasks included sending e-mails and making phone calls to this year's authors and artists, seeking their information for a brand new bio page. For the first time, after being suggested by many students, a Contributors' Notes section can be found at the end of the *Journal*. This gives authors and artists a chance to share a little bit about themselves and be witty at the same time. We hope readers enjoy the bios as much as we have.

Additionally, we have created a unique order to the written and visual artwork for this year's edition to emote a mood and theme, making the *Journal* in and of itself artistic. Concerning these final details, we had help from Brian Winchester, Class of 2004, who is currently a photography assistant in the Office of Institutional Advancement. Brian handled all aspects of production for this year's edition and also photographed all of the visual artwork. Last summer, as an intern in the Office of Institutional Advancement, he was responsible for layout and production of *Curry Arts Journal 2004*. We were happy to have his sharp eye, Quark expertise, and easygoing yet professional manner with us again this year.

In closing, we wish to thank the following individuals who so generously extended their time and effort in the publication of this edition: literary faculty judges Jeannette DeJong, Dottie Fleming, Sandy Kaye, Jeannette Landrie, Lori Lubeski, David Miller, and Bill Russo for their time, their sensitive reading of texts, and their useful comments toward revision; faculty editors Jeannette DeJong and David Miller who generously extended their commitment to include editing and proofreading during the pre-production phase; visual arts faculty judges Laurie Alpert and Iris Kumar for their time, expertise,

and encouragement of student artists; and Visual Arts faculty member Marlene Lundvall for making her students' final drawings available for our review during the fall 2005 semester. Concerning this year's cover, we would especially like to thank Iris Kumar for guiding her students in their creative designs and for answering our questions during the selection process.

We also wish to thank Professor Gabrielle Regney, Coordinator of the First-Year Writing Prize, for forwarding this year's top essays for our review. The three first-place essays for 2005 appear here with the authors' consent. Our thanks go also to the faculty judges who along with Gabrielle Regney selected these insightful pieces; they are Jeanne Cosmos, Karen D'Amato, Dottie Fleming, Sandy Kaye, and Barbara Mulcahy.

Our thank yous would not be complete without acknowledging Jane Lawless and her library staff for providing the practicum with a friendly meeting place as well as access to a library computer lab, the Student Government Association for its continued commitment of funding, and Fran Gately and Rosemarie Valentino of the Office of Institutional Advancement for their continued commitment of resources to Curry Arts Journal. Finally, we would like to thank Dean David Fedo, Writing Program Director Sandy Kaye, and English Coordinator Bill Russo for their enthusiastic support of the Curry Arts Journal Practicum. During our second year as staff members, the structured, for-credit arrangement continued to enhance our motivation as well as strengthen our investment in the finished product. We hope you agree that the consistent input of Curry Arts Journal students combined with the dedicated support of the campus community have rendered Curry Arts Journal 2005 up to our community's standard of artistic quality, originality, and diversity.

Sincerely,

Tricia Earnshaw Jonathan Joseph Reinhart Curry Arts Journal Editors

impromptu baptism

By Kathryn Barry

This year's Curry Arts Journal Practicum students have awarded "impromptu baptism" a special commendation for excellence in writing.

submerging my feet,

my waist,

my shoulders,

immersing my head

in the absence of . . .

noise,

madness,

humanity,

the steady pulse

of the ocean

mimics that

of my own,

mixed with

thoughts,

creating a core

of peace,

serenity,
oneness

with all that is mindful.

breaking the surface,
i release the rage
that kept me waterlogged.
i part with my sins
and relish my newly
cleansed soul.

liberation is mine!

An Evening in Lewiston, Maine

By Patty Miley

This year's Curry Arts Journal Practicum students have awarded "An Evening in Lewiston, Maine" a special commendation for excellence in writing.

At the end of the dock I sit, legs crossed under a soft brown afghan, warmed by a mug of hot chocolate.

The sky: bright blue,
fades to shades
of a wildflower field in August.
Purples and pinks blend to form
the sun's watercolor imprint.

The moon awakens,
spreading an inky blanket over the canvas.
A beam of reflection
dances across the rippling mirrored surface,
touching my toes
dipped in the cool water.
Energizing, enlivening,
a warm sense of happiness
creeps up my legs
in tingling goose bumps.

In a world where chaos reigns, **pea**ce prevails.

The Wooden Doll

By Nasha-Lee Bailey

"The Wooden Doll" was one of the first-place winners in Curry's First-Year Writing Prize Competition.

When I think back on my life and I see where I come from, it astonishes me because I know where I am now. I am at the point where I have made a major decision to spend the next four years of my life studying to earn a bachelor's degree in nursing. There is a certain toy that has made me connect with that part of myself. From when I was a little girl I always wanted to play with various toys and games that portrayed kindness, gentleness, and, of course, fun. I grew up in Ocho Rios, Jamaica, where I lived with my mom, grandmother, cousins, aunts, and uncles.

The trees in the yard were huge and fruitful. They bore oranges, guavas, guinneps, ackees (the national fruit), and cherries. The ground was not asphalt, but rather concrete mixed with dirt. The days were hot and muggy, but never boring. My family always made everything interesting. Playing outside was tiring, but smelling the ackee and salt-fish, banana, dumpling, and sweet potato boiling inside the kitchen gave a relief. In another house the melodious scent of jerk pork and breadfruit roasting brought joy to the heart. The sweet-smelling oranges that were squeezed and mixed with sugar and water made my mouth water. The great expectancy of tasting these luscious foods made the day complete.

The yard was huge for such a small woman as myself. My mother bought me toys, I went to school, slept with teddy bears, and fell in love with bunny rabbits (whether real or take). My world was perfect in its own little way. One thing that I am grateful for is that my cousins and I were very creative. We didn't have a lot of technology in the yard, but every day was an adventure. My older male cousins made wooden wheelbarrows and baseball bats. My cousins and I played games such as basketball, baseball, Luni (a board game involving dice and pebbles), tag, and much more. But there is one toy that I remember so very clearly.

This toy is a doll. The doll was made from wood. It was carved in no special way. It had arms and legs and a head. It was brown and rigid, nothing special. Its hair was made of grass strands that I would pick myself. I played with this doll for a number of hours and my imagination would take over. I washed her hair, combed it, even put clothes on her. I imagined that I was feeding her and bathing her. I made her feel like how my mother made me feel. Loved. My mother has had a great influence on my life. Growing up, I never felt short on love or attention because my mother gave it all to me in bundles that my little hands couldn't contain. I ran to her with everything that came out of my inner soul as an expression that needed to be identified. Every time I looked at that doll I saw one expression. That expression was simply calmness. It was such a beautiful thing to see that my friend felt the same wind of peace that I felt.

I spent a lot of time with my newfound friend. I can truly say that I was a mother from when I was a baby. I always felt that there was someone in the world that needed a little more help than I did. There would always be someone that I could hold and comfort in her time of need. I had a great interest in taking care of someone who was smaller than I was. This toy really shaped me in some way because I do love to take care of babies.

It is instilled in society that young girls are to play with young-woman things. For example, pretending with dolls and makeup, and playing house and being the mother all make a little girl aware that her post is in the home. She takes care of the children, makes her house look presentable, and is a devoted wife. I agree that a young woman should make her home presentable and take care of her family, but not necessarily be a housewife.

As I look back over my life, I realize just how much the doll represented me. It was plain and simple. It was made to be loved and taken care of, always needing someone to look after it because it can't do it for itself. Now that I am all grown up, I know that I am not plain and simple, but rather intriguing and interesting. Never again will I have these experiences, but remembering them is just the same as reliving them.

The Vineyard

By Nick Wilson

Your back is sore. You and I have been bending over every two steps for hours now.

As we bend once again to reach the bottom of another vine, a smooth breeze rushes at our faces.

That breeze is welcomed.

We stand up, walk two paces, and bend again.

The soil beneath our shoes is soft and rocky. Our heels sink into the rich turned dirt.

The vine's leaves feel like skin against our fingertips.

Your back is sore.

The sun burns through the afternoon sky and pulls your chin upward, begging to be admired.

Stand again. Look ahead to see what you have done.

Look behind and see what is to be done.

Rows of vines, patiently waiting for your care, stand tall with your help.

Rows of vines, patiently waiting for your care, alump low until you arrive.

Your back is sore.

Drinking it is the easy part.

Mixed Emotions

By Teresa Vera

It took me so long
To tell you
The truth.

I needed to think About me, About you.

I did the right thing. I don't need You anymore.

So— Why haven't You called?

Broken Man

By John P. Arbogast III

Jack awoke sharply before dawn as he usually did in the hot summer months. The sun was rising, and it shone into the broken windows of the condemned building, leaking rays of gold onto the rotten wood floor. It had been at least two full days since Jack had taken a drink, and the DT's were making an appearance, reluctantly subsiding after a short time. A rat waddled its fat, diseased body into the corner across from him and stared at Jack bleakly. He sat up suddenly and the rat disappeared. Later, Jack would hardly be able to recall if the rat had been real. He got up slowly and made his way down the fire escape, dragging his bad foot over the filthy steps.

What remained of his shoes offered little protection from the burning metal. He had reached the bottom without falling and breaking his leg, and was grateful. He noticed a bottle of cough syrup, nearly empty, and two quarters on the steps of the decrepit building and knew he had found breakfast. There was a doughnut shop near the center of town that would give him a couple of dayold bear claws for that price, and the cough syrup would have to do until he could find something stronger.

He made his way along the old track toward his destination, being sure to stay out of sight of the main roads. If any of the officers saw him in the proximity of any child, they would most likely thump his skull for him. It had happened before, and at his age, he didn't look for trouble. He took the long route, while most of the world was still asleep.

The tracks were cerily calm, and Jack always felt vulnerable when he traveled alone. He was prone to hallucinations, among other things. Almost off the tail of that thought, Jack saw the girl and her doll standing far off next to the old shed. He tried his best not to look up, but could almost feel the apparition's hateful gaze. He was ashamed that he felt this fear, because he knew beyond any doubt that his mind was playing tricks on him. At his age, it was downright foolish to jump at shadows. In times like these, he needed a drink like someone might need oxygen. The girl and her red doll

were gone, and Jack continued on his way.

The shop had been open for at least an hour before he arrived, but he didn't dare enter looking the way he did. Instead he waited for Father Callahan to stop in for his morning coffee and asked the priest to buy a poor old soul something to eat. The Father wouldn't take his money and paid out of his own pocket. Jack had not been a church-going man, and he imagined either he had forgotten about God or God had forgotten about him, but he still felt a pang of guilt for taking advantage of such a generous man.

Jack didn't dare eat in the park, as the teenagers there would never fail to throw clumps of dirt or even stones at him for amusement. He didn't blame them entirely because he could only imagine how pathetic he looked, or smelled for that matter. Instead he made his way around the back of the bakery and sat in the shade against the cool stone wall. His teeth were not in the best of shape, but he was hungry enough to chew what he needed, taking small sips of the bottle in between. Before he knew it, his meal was finished, and the DT's threatened to return. It was time for him to work on getting that drink he so desperately needed.

He was surprisingly resourceful for an old wino, mostly because before he had hit rock bottom many people had held him in such high regard. His next stop would be old Dave Reilly's bar on the poor side of town. He had to take the tracks again. The girl was not there this time, only the usual cyclones of dust and the smells of rotting wood. It was another hour before he reached the bar. He sat in the shade out back, waiting for one of Dave's sons to step outside and have a smoke. The town had just passed a law that banned smoking in public establishments, and old Dave was losing business.

Years ago, Jack had gotten Dave and his wife out of a scrape with debt collectors, and Dave would never hesitate to give Jack a bottle of cheap rum when he could afford to do so. His oldest son opened the steel door, stepped out, and went back in to get Jack his due. He emerged again, threw the bottle in Jack's direction without a word or glance, and promptly went back inside. Jack caught the bottle and greedily took a couple of giant gulps. He would have to ration the rest. The familiar burning touched his throat and almost at once he felt like himself again. He dug around the trashcans and

found a plastic shopping bag that he could tie around the bottle. His old legs were tired, and the heat had taken its toll. He lay down in the shade of the dumpster and fell asleep.

It was raining softly when he awoke, and he heard voices and footfalls getting closer. He made sure not to make any movements in hopes that the three men would not take notice of him. He heard them coming closer, his heart beating so loudly in his chest that it drowned out the patter of warm rain against the pavement.

One of the men kicked him in the side. The wind huffed out of him immediately, and more kicking followed. He could not see the men, and he could not grasp the rusted steak knife he had tied to his belt a month earlier. He was bleeding while they laughed at him and staggered away. Blood ran down his chin and from his nose. It was a long time before he could sit up and eventually stand and limp away. It was soon after that he decided to drink the entire bottle. He had earned it.

He also decided that it would be a good idea to cat something, lest the alcohol take such an effect that he could not find his way back home. It was too dangerous to sleep on the streets now. The supermarket down the street would have the stale bread in its garbage. Jack crept along behind the local buildings, crossing parking lots and stumbling on his way while his blood dried on his face and into his tattered shirt. He favored his left side, as at least three of his ribs were broken there. He dug around for a short while and found bagels, some with mold, and ate them indiscriminately.

He couldn't see her, but he could hear the girl laughing at him. The doll seemed to laugh, too. Jack was beyond coherent thought at this time, but he was grateful for the bread. The bottle seemed heavy, even though he had nearly finished its contents. It was time to go home.

Jack let his feet take him where he needed to go. He went along the tracks at a dragging pace. A slender man with red glowing eyes strode aside him taunting him as they walked.

"Took yer medicine, dincha, Jackie boy?" the specter tittered back and forth.

Jack stared at his feet most of the way. The man seemed to grin and dance gleefully while keeping the slow pace with Jack.

He heard laughter again, laughter from all sides. Jack felt no fear, only a mixture of fatigue and distress. He even took a haphazard swing at the shadow-man. Despite what he saw and heard, he continued to pick up his feet and put them down again.

He found his way back to the building, and an old black man who appeared to be blind seemingly looked in his direction. Jack dropped one of his quarters into the hat, and struggled up the fire escape. The black man muttered something, but Jack heard only his own feet on the wet metal.

He managed once again not to fall, and surprised even himself. His ribs ripped into his insides, but he felt no pain. He wondered if the rat he had seen earlier had managed to find his way into the tattered and stained sleeping bag he used for a bed. He shuffled down the hall and was grateful to find no sign of the rat or the spooks that had troubled him earlier. His clothes were soaked and smelled of blood. He was familiar with the smell, but could never get used to the metallic stench and the memories that came flooding back. He grudgingly lay down and settled his tired and broken body to rest. The rat was back, and it sat in the corner staring at Jack with its black eyes. Perhaps it wanted to be his best friend, or maybe to chew his eyes out while he lay helpless in sleep. He figured on the latter, and when his friend got close enough, he pinned it to the old wooden floor with his knife. It didn't struggle, but it let out a shrill squeal nonetheless. He did not doubt its existence now, as its blood soaked into the wood.

It had been a physically and mentally trying day, and he dreaded falling asleep. He wasn't drunk enough to have a dreamless night, and surely the nightmares would be back. Jack turned over, fell asleep within minutes, and dreamt of the girl and her doll.

He was no stranger to this dream. Here he was a young man of fifteen again, taking a shortcut past the old train tracks on his way to school. He watched himself step over the fallen section of rusted fence and into the overgrown patch of weeds on his path. As a kid, he had been an athlete and a hero in his town. Jack felt a great sadness

* * * * * *

for what the future had in store for this boy.

He remembered very little about that day after all this time, and the details had been mixed with his own pain to create a horrible, recurring nightmare. He watched himself step over the police tape that stretched around the back of the old station building and tied into the fence. The very air around the boy seemed to blacken and sour. The grass under his feet was dead, even though it was safe from the scorching sun behind this building. Five months before this hot June morning in 1958, the body of an eight year old boy had been found buried in a snow bank, and this area had been forbidden territory ever since. Young Jack had overheard his father saying that parts of the boy were missing. He had taken this path every day since his bike had been mangled a few months before Easter. Every time he stepped over the tape, he felt a coldness, but still he walked past it.

Jack knew what came next, but still he watched his young self turn the corner. He knew what was there, and that knowledge was like a block of ice in his stomach. He wanted to cry out and tell the boy to run or stop or do anything besides turn that corner into the blackened air, but had no voice here. He could feel the boy's fear, because he was not alone on this stretch. The boy ducked behind a rotten stack of lumber, knowing that if he were caught there he would be in trouble with his father and possibly even the sheriff. He peeked over and saw a young gurl being led by a tall man. The tall man was so dark that Jack could hardly see him, but he recognized the girl from his younger brother's birthday party. She always carried a doll with her, and was dragging it along now. There was something unnatural about the way the man held her hand, so he, Jack, knew even then that she was not his draighter. The man seemed to emanate a sick aura that made the hoy stry back.

The dark man said something in a grating voice, and the shock forced a weak gasp from Jack. He ducked behind the truck again, not bringing himself to look up until after he heard a sick thud. Jack the elder was no longer watching the boy—he had become him again. In 1958, Jack had not looked up again. In the cohe had been found when the mutilated body of the girl had been found, barely coherent and still in the same position. The halfer had left the scene hours before, and Jack had not been able to give a description.

No one had ever looked at him the same, not even his parents. He had remembered the black, dead eyes of the girl's doll every day since then.

But that wouldn't happen this time. In the dreams, the dark man had turned to face Jack before hurting the girl. All he could ever see was a hateful grin gleaming out from the darkness of his face. Jack would be powerless to move, his legs like dead weight, and the girl would die in front of him.

This time, Jack spoke to his young self and was heard. He told the boy what would become of him. He told himself that this was his chance for redemption. He rose and stood in front of the lumber stack, facing the dark man. The darkness seemed to dissipate around the man, and suddenly Jack could see him for what he was. He was staring down an old man with a gaunt face. This man was not frightening in the least to Jack, and suddenly he was filled with rage. To think such a pathetic and sick old man would cast a shadow over the rest of his life was almost funny to him. Laughter burst from a place deep in his throat, shocking even himself. The sick man stepped towards him and tried to swing a pipe at Jack's head. He was too fast for this weak man and punched a hole clear through his chest. The sick man turned to black dust and was carried by a wind into the sky. A grim sense of triumph settled over Jack. He was almost free, but not yet.

The girl stood where she was, not afraid. Jack suddenly knew that she had been waiting forty-six years for him to make a stand. She seemed to hear his thought and favored him with a smile. He looked away and into the sky where the sick man's remains had blown. There was no sign of anything dark in the wind, but he knew there were more human monsters in the world.

But not for him. He had found redemption in the smile of a ghost. Jack never woke from his sleep. It was three days before Father Callahan became curious and found Jack lying stone dead with a smile on his face. The coroner determined that he had died from the trauma of his injuries. But in truth he had finally freed himself from his tormented life, and no one would ever know.

Body Canvas

By Tricia Earnshaw

My body is a work of art
In which I inscribe a picture
Of my love, my life, and my beliefs.
A silver stud in the most
Unusual places.
An imbedded painting, lined
Under my skin and reaching
Into my poetic nature.

The pain of the needle
Is only an inch
In the mile that I give the artist
To expand into the core of the final product.
A permanent illustration for the world to see,
But for myself to love.



Untitled
Sarah Elizabeth Dukeshire
32" x 32"
Oil on Canvas



Untitled Mike Stone 14" x 14" Pen and Ink



Untitled
Megan Duff
10" x 7"
Digital Imagery



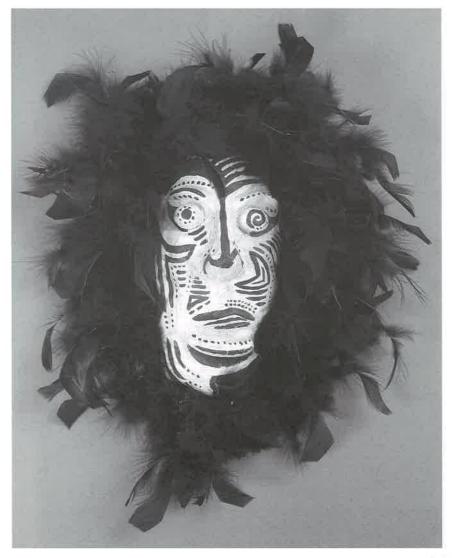
Untitled
Marshall Daley
10.5" x 8"
Digital Imagery



Ideas Janeen Alum–MacDonald 16'' x 20'' Digital Imagery



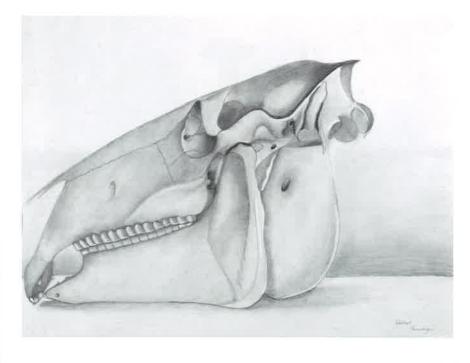
Untitled
Ian Coe
40" x 50"
Oil on Canvas



Untitled SeonKyung Yuk 13" x 18" x 3.3" Mixed Media



Untitled Tyler Kosiba 9.5" x 7.5" Digital Imagery



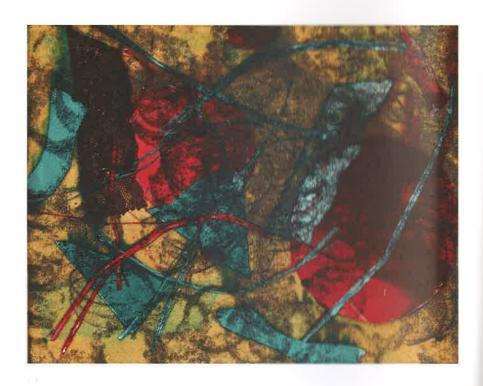
Untitled Heather E. Harrington 24" x 18" Pencil



Untitled
Michael Nascimento
8.5" x 11" x 4.5"
Mixed Media



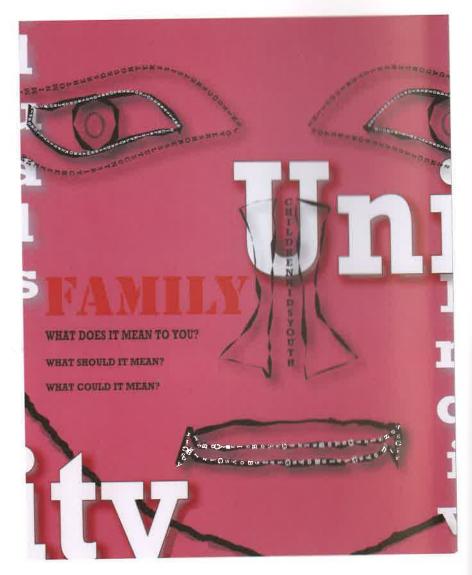
Untitled
Gregory Martinez
8.75" x 6.5"
Black and White Photography



Untitled Brooke Kaiser 9.5" x 7.5" Mono Print



Angel Sleeping Heather Eve Giangregorio 9'' x 6'' Black and White Photography



Family Unity Janeen Alum-MacDonald 16" x 20" Digital Imagery

Live Sculpture

By Will McLaughlin

Her skin is as soft as the finest cotton Picked from the whitest field. She gazes back with her tempting eyes, Bluer than a cloudless sky. Touched by her fair skin, I am warm on the coldest nights. A smile lies upon her face, Brightening the darkest day. The curves of her astounding frame Leave all in awe of such beauty. Every detailed feature Perfect! Her magnificence stands out in the crowd, A diamond amongst stones.

The Hunt

By Jonathan Joseph Reinhart

Often I recall those dark days, when the hunters hunted me, using mocking tones, rude gestures, and barely hidden whispers.

I'd flee at the sight of predators. With claws drawn, long and sharp, they'd slash and attack.

It is a disturbing scene when the predators prey on prey.

In turn I, too, transform into a predator, stalking my prey to successfully slash and attack.

It is a disturbing scene when the prey preys on others.

In the dark of night a surprise attack by those it preyed on brings down the predator.

It is a disturbing scene when the prey preys on others, but a lovely sight when the prey preys on the predator.

Rarely does the dance of predator and prey juxtapose roles in ironic beauty.

It is a disturbing scene when predators prey on prey, but even more disturbing when the prey becomes the predator.

Hulga Hopewell's Shadow

By Lisa Billings

"Hulga Hopewell's Shadow" was one of the first-place winners in Curry's First-Year Writing Prize Competition.

The realization of the shadow can be found through various experiences of oneself. The shadow can be friend or foe, and whatit-is is up to the individual. It is something that is generally in the unconscious of one's person and can be revealed through life experiences or simply over time. In Flannery O'Connor's short story "Good Country People," the realization of the shadow is apparent in a variety of ways because the shadow of the protagonist, Hulga Hopewell, becomes her own friend.

The shadow is the part of someone that he or she is generally unaware of. Sometimes one can see one's shadow in breaking down and analyzing one's dreams. People observe their own shadows through other people's tendencies. The qualities we see in others that we tend to dislike are actually the shadow qualities of ourselves. The shadow represents the opposite of who we are on the outside, and therefore the qualities, whether positive or negative, are hidden deep down within us on an unconscious level.

In "Good Country People," Hulga Hopewell has the courage to follow her unconscious desires, though even at the end she may not realize it. According to <u>Man and His Symbols</u> by Carl Jung,

[s]ometimes all attempts to understand the hints of the unconscious fail and in such a difficulty one can only have the courage to do what seems to be right, while being ready to change course if the suggestions of the unconscious should suddenly point in another direction. It may also happen (although this is unusual) that a person will find it better to resist the urge of the unconscious even at the price of feeling warped by doing so, rather than depart too far from the state of being human (von Franz 176).

Basically, human beings have either hidden talents or hidden vices deep down and are totally unaware of them unless it is on an unconscious level, such as when we are dreaming.

Initially, Hulga is not aware of the presence of her shadow. It ultimately comes to light as a result of her interactions with Manley Pointer, a young man who is the opposite of her on the outside as well as on the inside. Hulga and Manely are symmetrical in that she is cold and unkind on the outside while he is cold and unkind on the inside. Hulga can be described as an angry and very closed-up atheist of thirty-two who is still living with her mother. She is not a happy woman and does not think of anyone but herself. She is bright and intelligent, with a Ph.D. in philosophy; however, this does not get her very far since during this time period hers is not an admirable profession for a woman. Missing in Hulga's life are feelings of love and happiness, and most of all faith. She is so resistant to letting people in and is very cold. Manley Pointer, who ultimately represents Hulga's shadow, on the other hand, is seemingly a very warm and sincere young man of nineteen who is "good country people." He is also seemingly a genuine man who thinks of God and other people before himself, having a deep faith. He goes around selling bibles to make himself seem a God-fearing and peopleloving man.

According to The Shadow Dance—Understanding Repetitive Patterns in Relationships, "Jung believed that whatever we are highly identified with in our character, the opposite extreme will be in our unconscious. He called this the law of opposites. So unconsciously we will attract the parts of us that we actually badly need" (Eigen 3). The Jungian theory perfectly ties into "Good Country People." Hulga is in need of happiness, love, and faith, and for her, Manley Pointer represents all of that. The shadow idea ultimately brings out the faith, stupidity, foolishness, and vulnerability that Hulga has hidden away for twenty-two years since the accident that caused her to lose her leg and her good spirit.

Jung's shadow theory would suggest that Manley Pointer embodies all of the characteristics that Hulga houses deep down and because she unconsciously wants to let all of these characteristics out. In fact, in the story she is mesmerized and taken in by him. Manley Pointer takes advantage of Hulga by saying, "Listen don't you think some people was meant to meet on account of what all they got in common and all? Like they both think serious thoughts and all" (O'Connor 225). He mirrors her by saying things such as this and coincidentally having the same heart problem as Hulga does. Hulga believes that the fate Manley is talking about is that of a romantic

nature, but little does she know that the fate really is of a spiritual and moral nature. She gives him all of her trust, and ultimately Manley turns out to be the seedy, mean character who outsmarts Hulga and she turns out to be the vulnerable character whose shadow comes out faith-filled in the end.

Because of her encounter with Manley Pointer, Hulga's unconscious need for faith came to the surface and she accepted it, though possibly not at a conscious level. In the story, fate played the role of kicking Hulga, the not-so-beloved protagonist. Fate is something that we can see as something completely different from what it was intended to be and therefore can take us by surprise. Fate did just that for Hulga in the process of her unconsciously accepting her shadow.

The shadow is a concept which people must someday realize within themselves. It is deep and hidden. It is possible for the shadow to be positive or negative as well as a friend or foe. Hulga Hopewell in "Good Country People" was ultimately able to recognize her positive shadow because she let herself be duped into trusting and being dependent on another person, which she had never done before. The role of fate and the unconscious was a very big part of the story, probably due to the strong conviction Flannery O'Connor held in her religious beliefs. Though we as readers do not know what happened to Hulga or how she turned out, O'Connor gives the story a twist and leads us to believe that she accepted her shadow, whether it was in a conscious or unconscious way. The shadow is a concept that all people can one day uncover and so learn about themselves more deeply.

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Casual Encounter

By Patty Miley

In a shop today, I met the man of my dreams buying flowers for his wife.

Fall

By Teresa Vera

The air is crisp as breezes blow
Through the color-changing trees.
All we can smell is the welcoming odor
Of burnt fall leaves on the dry, brown grass.
The sun's warmth is slowly fading
Into cooler nights of dark blue hues.
We notice fall is here
As we walk through the park, holding hands.

The dew on the grass has just arrived— Early this year, but no one minds. Children are still playing, animals still lurking, As it is not yet cold enough to see their foggy breath. Soon it will happen—the bitter cold, The bleached white snow, and the ice-covered paths. But for now, it is fall As we walk through the park, holding hands.

Holding My Breath

By Tricia Earnshaw

I remember when you loved me for three years, three long years I thought were magical, but for you dragged on like hard work in the summer. I am waiting now for you to come back to me.

I am waiting for those other girls in your bed to fade away. I am waiting for you to come around. You were the only one I loved—for three years, you were the only one I thought of.

I am waiting for my friends to come back to me. I fear I have driven them away with your love, but they do not understand what I feel. I am waiting for them to come around, just like you.

I can't be angry with you now. It might taint the love I feel. I am waiting for the pain to settle—maybe then you will come back to me.

I remember making plans with you for a family. I remember you saying you didn't want kids. I can live without kids. Who needs them anyways? I am waiting for you to come back to me.

I remember the first time you told me you had another woman in your bed.
I remember the rage I felt towards her.
She drove you away from me. Now
I am waiting for you to come back to me.
It is the only thing I know how to do.

I am waiting for you to be faithful to me and only me.
I am waiting for you to want kids.
I am waiting for you to love me unconditionally.
I remember when you used to.
What happened to us?

I drove my friends away with your love. I think I am tired of waiting.

Fall Swim

By Patty Miley

Submerged beneath the cool surface, a rare moment to breathe, surrounded by untainted beauty, untouched by the chaos beyond. Reds and yellows flutter to a mirrored surface of trees parading their new fall fashions. My hands glide though the cool water, creating bubbles of comfort. Millions of eyes watch from murky shadows, unsure of my presence. I keep my distance, unsure of their world. My feet touch the soft sandy bottom, reminding me of my own safe world above. Pausing for a breath, the cold air encourages me to remain in my watery wonderland. Climbing onto the dock, the wood warmed by the day's sun, I retreat to the shore. my wrinkled toes welcomed by a thick green carpet. Renewed. relieved. relaxed. My little piece of heaven.

Claustrophobia

By Jonathan Joseph Reinhart

I'm standing here with walls closing in on me. The window's my only escape.

I'm thinking that window is my last chance. I'm standing here with walls closing in on me.

My breath is lacking, with walls closing in on me. I'm thinking that window is my last chance.

On the ledge I'm so free. But behind me the walls are closing in.

There's no escape. I'm thinking the street, ain't so far down.

I look behind, see the walls closing in on me. I'm thinking the street ain't so far down.

I step forward, plummet down. I look up. The walls close in no more.

Gravity.

Angel in Disguise

By Rohini Bhinsen

"Angel in Disguise" was one of the first-place winners in Curry's First-Year Writing Prize Competition.

Someone once told me, "Life has no guarantees, except the fact that we will die one day." We aren't guaranteed a good life, wealth, or even good parents. The in-between is what life is all about. I learned that what this person told me is the truth. I once had a loving family, but then I grew up and things changed. My father passed away, and my mother and I were on rocky roads. The older I became, the further we grew apart. She made it clear that when I turned eighteen I would be on my own. Sure enough, on March 11, 2003—the very day I turned eighteen—my mother moved to New York. She left me in Boston to find my own way. She wasn't even concerned whether I would be attending college or where I would be living. Still, I must say I was grateful that she gave me the heads-up because it gave me a chance to figure out what I was going to do with myself. Of course, I was extremely overwhelmed and hurt by the whole situation.

No one knew what was going on except my best friend, Janjae Willie. I told her everything, so naturally I told her about my troubles. She comforted me as much as she could. One day she popped in out of nowhere and said, "Why don't you live with me when your mom leaves?" That idea had never crossed my mind, but when she said it, it made perfect sense. What girl wouldn't want to live with her best friend while they were both in high school? It sounded like it would be fun. Then I wondered, "What about her parents? Will they be okay with it?" It seemed like she read my mind because she said, "I already spoke to my parents, and they are cool with it. They just want to talk to you, though, and make sure it's cool with you and your mom." I had no idea that she had told her parents about my dilemma. Eventually, her mother met my mother and told her she would look after me. I was extremely grateful. I couldn't believe how open Janjae's family was to me. They accepted

me as their own. I never imagined her family to be such big-hearted people. I'm still living with the Willies, and I love it.

Mrs. Willie is someone who has influenced my life in such a positive way. To be honest, I call her Ma because she treats me like her own daughter. She cares for and protects me. Ma is a great person with a heart of gold. She's a beautiful Liberian woman with almond-shaped eyes and a gorgeous smile. She's in her mid-fifties, but you can't tell because she has such smooth skin. When I used to visit Janjae at her home before I moved in, I used to always see her mother cooking or doing something around the house. She's a busy bee even though she works crazy hours as a nurse. When she comes home, she makes sure her house is clean. I admire that about her because she's an old-fashioned woman with old-fashioned values, and that is the type of person I am.

Ma is such a strong, hardworking woman. She has raised four children, maintained a good job and home, and still found the time to help others. People who need some money or a place to stay or help with anything know they can call her. Ma believes in helping others, even our enemies, because the Bible tells us to "love thy neighbor."

Everyone looks up to Ma. She has taken so many kids into her home, including me, because she believes we are good children. She's a strong believer in education. She's always saying how lucky we are in America to have free education and financial aid. As a matter of fact, she inspired me to attend college. When she found out I was interested in nursing, she immediately told me to apply for college and get my degree. Ma knows that the degree gets you more money, so she pushes us all to get that degree.

Ma helped me in more ways than I could even imagine. When I first met Janjae, I learned she and her family were religious people, and I respected that. It's because of her and Ma that I found Jesus in my life, and I'm so grateful. They would take me to church with them all the time. What I appreciated the most was the fact that they never forced me to go with them. It was always up to me whether I attended church of not. As soon as I started attending church, I loved it. It was so lively and it felt so right. Early on, when I had a problem or was depressed, Ma would say, "Just pray,"

or "Everything will be fine. Just have faith." Little did I know that these simple words had such meaning. When I finally was baptized, everything fell into place. My faith and love for God grew stronger. I started having more faith and stopped worrying so much because I knew God would help me any way that He could. I don't feel sorry for myself and become depressed liked I used to. Now, I'm more confident about where my life is going.

Ma knew how hurt I was when my mother left me. I didn't have to say anything—she could just look at me and know I was sad. One thing I love about her is that she's always willing to listen or talk to me about my feelings. She always tries to get me to call my mother and talk to her. She hates the fact that my mother and I have such a messed up relationship. Ma always says, "She's your mother no matter what. Even if she's being childish, you should be the bigger person and call." She always gets me when she says that because I know she's right. I don't hate my mother, and Ma knows this. I just can't understand how a mother could just leave her child with complete strangers and never think to call or write to see how the child is doing. Like Ma says, "God has a plan for us all and everything happens for a reason."

Ma has instilled her motherly love in my life, which was something I was missing. She helped me pick up the broken pieces and put them back together. I will forever be grateful to her for her loving care and support. It is because of her that I see my life in a brighter light. She has instilled faith in God in me, which is something I will always need in my life. Ma helped me realize the importance of my life and the meaning of family. To me, she is my personal angel on earth, truly a blessing from above.

Downtown Asakusa: A Memory of the Well

By Megan Shea

Shrines everywhere From left to right, The outline of the buildings So unique in shape and form.

Trimmings that are as ancient as time Still lure the stampede of people To this majestic place.

Amidst the memorial Stands a wooden well of wisdom, Rough and wide, A sight to behold

As white, glistening steam Rises from the deep dark hole Towards infinite heights.

Legend says The steam Brings forth The wisdom.

A brush of the warm vapor Brings tears to my eyes.

My aunt standing afar Clicks away with her camera To grab hold of the moment:

My brother Behind a pole, But still caught in the face of it all,

My mom Captivated, And no longer camera-shy.

As for me, my eyes are closed, But the smile on my face Says I'm ready for our next adventure.

Contributors' Notes

JANEEN ALUM-MACDONALD

Janeen Alum–MacDonald loves creating art, both written and visual. She lives in a world of simple ideals and simple cynicism. She likes iced chai-tea, banana bread, and books. She graduated in 2005 with the hopes to breathe.

JOHN P. ARBOGAST III

John P. Arbogast III is from Norwood, MA and is a sophomore. His anticipated major is English.

NASHA-LEE BAILEY

Nasha-Lee Bailey is a sophomore majoring in Nursing. She loves to make people laugh and loves to learn new things every day. God, her family, and close friends are daily inspirations to continue on in her education.

KATHRYN BARRY

Kathryn Barry has been writing poetry for seven years and has found it to be a great outlet. She often goes to poetry readings and reads a lot during her personal time. Her poetry has really developed in recent years with the guidance of Professor D'Amato and other English faculty members fueling her passion. She is a senior, and will be graduating with an English major and Sociology and Philosophy minors.

MAJED BEYDOUN

Majed Beydoun is originally from Saudi Arabia. He is a senior majoring in Communications and lives in Charlestown.

ROHINI BHINSEN

Rohini Bhinsen is a sophomore Nursing student. She is an easy-going person who enjoys writing poetry, reading, and music.

LISA BILLINGS

Lisa Billings is from Weymouth, MA. She is a Nursing major, a Women's Studies minor, and a member of the tennis team.

IAN COE

Ian Coe graduated in 2005 with a degree in Visual Arts. He is from Washington, D.C.

MARSHALL DALEY

Marshall Daley is a senior Visual Arts major with a concentration in Graphic Design. He lives in Plymouth, MA.

MEGAN DUFF

Megan Duff is from Reading, MA. She is a junior majoring in Visual Arts with a concentration in Graphic Design.

SARAH ELIZABETH DUKESHIRE

Sarah Elizabeth Dukeshire is looking forward to getting out of school and having the opportunity to travel. She is still curious to know where she is going to be after school, and hopes to open her own salon in the future. Art has always been in her life, and is in her blood. She is grateful to her family for all their support in everything she does.

TRICIA EARNSHAW

Tricia Earnshaw is a senior from Brockton, MA. She is an English major with a concentration in Creative Writing and has been writing since elementary school. She has been working on the *Curry Arts Journal* staff for three semesters and looks forward to working on the *Journal* in further semesters.

HEATHER EVE GIANGREGORIO

Heather Eve Giangregorio graduated in May of 2005 with a dual major in Visual Arts-Graphic Design and Information Technology. Emotions and life experiences are the tools she uses to visualize and create her art and photography. She uses her photography skills to show life and nature as it exists at that exact moment, so that it can be remembered forever.

HEATHER E. HARRINGTON

Heather E. Harrington is a junior majoring in Visual Arts with a Dance minor and a concentration in Graphic Design. She took private art lessons for ten years, with her art teacher, Mrs. McFaddon, whom she owes special thanks. She hopes her artwork inspires other artists. She is grateful for having a supportive family, friends, and teachers who have inspired her to continue with her passion in art.

BROOKE KAISER

Brooke Kaiser, Class of 2005, is living at home in Silver Spring, Maryland. She is thirty-five minutes from Washington D.C. where she works for a public relations firm. She uses her communication and art skills for various public relations tasks and advertisements. She hopes her work will appear in other publications in the near future. She offers the following sage advice about college, "Enjoy every moment of college and all the relaxing time you can get."

TYLER KOSIBA

Tyler Kosiba is in her third year. She is a Visual Arts major, concentrating in Graphic Design and minoring in Applied Computing. Her influences are her instructors who have pushed her to exceed her personal limits.

GREGORY MARTINEZ

Gregory Martinez is from Glendale, NY. He is a sophomore with an anticipated major in Psychology.

WILL MCLAUGHLIN

Will McLaughlin is currently a junior from West Roxbury, MA, studying Criminal Justice, but he is not yet sure where he intends to go with his degree. Aside from school, he works two jobs to pay tuition, one as a receiving clerk at Lowes in Dedham and second for his father's remodeling company. His piece is actually one of his first experiences with original poetry; he would like to thank Marisa J. Kenney for inspiring him to write it.

PATTY MILEY

Patty Miley is the newest edition to the working world! She takes the road less traveled, always carries with her the song of poetry.

MICHAEL NASCIMENTO

Michael Nascimento is a senior Visual Arts major and lives in Dracut, MA.

IAN CHASE NICHOLS

Ian Chase Nichols works for a company called Midgard Comics, and he does most of his published work through them.

JONATHAN JOSEPH REINHART

Jonathan Joseph Reinhart, Class of 2005, writes poetry to heighten awareness on nature and socio-political issues. He resides in historic Dedham, MA where he is a Town Meeting Representative for District 5 and President of the Dedham Boys & Girls' Club. He has previously been published by the *Curry Arts Journal* and also by the International Library of Poetry. He is a past recipient of the YANKEEPENN award for poetry.

MEGAN SHEA

Megan Shea majored in English with a concentration in Creative Writing. She spent some time traveling through Japan with her family. The experiences she had in Japan inspired her, and the time she was able to spend with her family definitely added to this as well. She loved Japan, the people, and the unique surroundings which gave her the idea to write "Downtown Asakusa: A Memory of the Well."

MIKE STONE

Mike Stone is a sophmore Visual Arts major concentrating in Graphic Design.

TERESA VERA

Teresa Vera lives in Milton, MA. She is a senior with a major in English and a minor in Communications.

NICK WILSON

Nick Wilson is missing. He was last seen at graduation, and has not been seen since. This activity has become quite common for Nick, so his disappearance need not alarm anyone. If he is gone for too long we will, of course, send the dogs.

SEONKYUNG YUK

SeonKyung is from South Korea. She is a first-year student with an undeclared major.

Curry Arts Journal Submission Guidelines

All Curry students are invited to submit quality poems, short stories, essays, and artwork on paper for consideration by a student/faculty panel. Submission deadlines occur at the end of the fall and spring semesters. Up to three submissions per person per semester will be reviewed. Please include your name, address (both Curry and permanent addresses), phone number, and email address on the back of each submission. Do not include your name anywhere on the front of the piece (with the exception of artwork). Prose pieces must be double-spaced. We suggest that you have your piece edited and proofread by a faculty member or an Essential Skills tutor before turning it in to the Curry Arts Journal. Submissions can be sent or delivered to the Curry Arts Journal mailbox on the first floor of the Faculty Building. If your work is accepted, you will be notified ASAP and be asked to send us a MS Word formatted disk of your entry. For more information, please contact Karen D'Amato at ext. 2157 or at kdamato@curry.edu. We look forward to hearing from you! ©

The editors of Curry Arts Journal 2005

Anthony Brillante Tricia Earnshaw Kiernan Joyce Magen Knell Patty Miley Jonathan Joseph Reinhart Lindsay Timko

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